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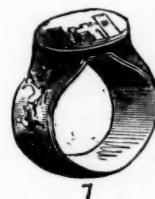
CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Curiosities of Strawberry Hill	242	The Village Budget. By the Parish Schoolmaster. No.	246
The Long-haired Musician	243	III.—A Legend of the Glen. Chap. III.	246
<i>The Armouier of Paris.</i> A Romance of the Fifteenth Century. Chap. XI.—Conclusion: The Gibbet at		A Sudden Arrival. By a Captain in the Guards	248
Montfaucon	243	New Books: Translations from the German, Prose and Verse. By Henry Reeve and John Edw. Taylor	250
Prayer	245	The Nun, and other Poems. By Mrs. H. W. Richter	251
Heads and Tales.	245	Varieties	252

CURIOSITIES OF STRAWBERRY HILL.



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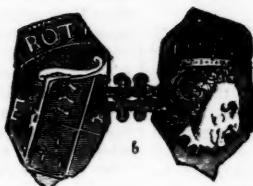
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CURIOSITIES OF STRAWBERRY HILL.

RESERVING until our next publication the details of our Pilgrimage to this "pictorial and historical abode," we proceed to describe the selection from the *Curiosities* engraved upon the preceding page.

1. *The Silver Bell*, made for Pope Clement VII. by the unrivalled Benvenuto Cellini. This "gem of the collection" has been engraved in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, wherein the Editor very properly says, "its form we have faintly portrayed;" this is candid, for the outline of the engraving bears not the least resemblance to that of the original at Strawberry Hill, which is more the shape of a common house-bell, wider and flatter at the mouth, and not so wide at the centre. Our own artist has succeeded somewhat better in his drawing; but it is still provokingly inaccurate. It represents in high relief, flowers and leaves, antique masques, serpents, dies, grasshoppers, and lizards, (the latter vertically,) the Virgin and Child, with angels, at the top, and a beautiful wreath at the base. In the catalogue, this bell is described as a "truly magnificent and matchless specimen of art," a phrase somewhat overstepping the real merits of the work, which to our eye is poor and ineffective, and wants the vigour, boldness, and sharp finish of Cellini's handiwork; it appears too like the work of to-day, and no more resembles the labours of the reputed artist, than does a Birmingham bronze casting a *chef d'œuvre* of Florentine art. This bell was, for a long period, in the collection of the Marquis Leonati, of Parma, and was purchased by the Marquis of Rockingham, who exchanged it with Horace Walpole for some very scarce Roman coins and medals. Having been kept under a glass shade, and locked in a case, the silver retains its original freshness. It was much inquired for by visitors, and was obligingly handed about for inspection; the general result of which was—disappointment.

2. *The Silver-gilt Clock*, presented to Anne Boleyn by Henry VIII. on the morning of their marriage. It is one of the earliest chamber-clocks in the kingdom. The chased and engraved ornaments are *fleurs de lys*, miniature heads, flowers and wreaths; and on the top sits a lion, bearing the arms of England, which are also on the sides; the supporting bracket too is studded with medallions in gold. On the weights are the initial letters of Henry and Anne, with true lovers' knots; one bears the inscription, "the most happye," the other the royal motto. This clock was the gift of Lady Elizabeth Germaine to Horace Walpole; more the catalogue saith not. Mr. Ainsworth somewhat oddly remarks: "This love-token was doubtless meant as an emblem of enduring affection. It remains the same, after an interval of more than three centuries; but four years only after it was given, the object of Henry's eternal love was sacrificed on the scaffold." The Magazinist's "It" is almost as puzzling as the mean pronoun was to Cobbett, who would have unsparingly chastised this slovenly and very equivocal use of *it*. How strangely fond was Henry the Eighth of clocks! yet he seems to have taken as much delight in killing time as in killing his wives! One who looked so sharply after time should have made better use of it.

3. *Speculum of Cannel Coal*, highly polished, in a leathern case. This is one of the "properties" of olden superstition, and belonged to Dr. Dee, one of the most respectable quacks of his class; for, though a conjuror and supposed magician, Dr. Dee was a man of considerable learning, varied abilities, and general talent, but tainted with the scientific empiricism of the age in which he lived. He lived at Mortlake, not far from Strawberry Hill; and thither Queen Elizabeth often went to consult him, and have peeps at futurity. Into

this speculum, or *black-stone*, as it was also called, Dr. Dee used to "call his spirits," and Kelly "did all his feats upon." This relic is referred to as follows, in the *Environs of London*, just published:—"In concert with two other knaves, Dee pretended to carry on conversations with spirits, by means of a *show-stone*, which he averred was given him by an angel. One who acted as seer, reported what spirits he saw, and what they said; whilst Dee, who sat at a table, reported the spiritual intelligence. A folio volume of their notes was published by Casaubon; and many more, containing the most unintelligible jargon, remain in MS. in the British Museum, together with the consecrated cakes of wax, marked with mathematical figures and hieroglyphics, used in these mummeries. The show-stone, which is a round piece of volcanic glass finely polished, was in the far-famed collection formed by the late Earl of Orford at Strawberry Hill." The term "volcanic glass" we consider unmeaning; it is, we believe, Cannel coal. Bulwer, in his last romance, *Zanoni*, mentions something of this kind; and every tale of superstition has its magic mirror, into which, as well as this, it is not difficult to see; though it may be worth the reader's while to compare this speculum with the celebrated *ink* mirror described in Lane's work on the *Modern Egyptians*; and the reference may at least illustrate the curious inquiry upon coincident superstitions. Dee's chemical apparatus, quadrant, and a magnet, we read, were destroyed by the mob in his time, and possibly this mirror may have escaped. "It was originally in the collection of the Mordaunts, Earls of Peterborough, in whose catalogue it is called the *black stone, into which Dr. Dee used to call his spirits*. From the Mordaunts it passed to Lady Elizabeth Germaine, and from her to John, last Duke of Argyle, whose son, Lord Frederick Campbell, presented it to Mr. Walpole." We think some matter-of-fact utilitarian may consider this speculum to be all *fiddle-de-dee*.

4. *An Ancient Jewel*: a golden heart, set with precious stones, and ornamented with emblematic figures and Scotch mottoes, one of which, No. 5, is figured. This *bijou* is very curious specimen of enamel; it was made by order of the Lady Margaret Douglas, mother of Henry Lord Darnley, in memory of her husband, Matthew Stewart, (whose initials are beneath, No. 5,) Earl of Lennox, and Regent of Scotland. The figures are very graceful, and the sentiment of this token reminds us of more romantic ages than our own; though the cynic says that keepsakes are emblems of false, rather than true, love, since that passion must be weak indeed which it requires some tangible object to keep in memory.

6. *Fragment of a Gold Coin of Elizabeth's reign*, called a *broad-piece*, which so narrowed the Queen's beauty that she forbade its issue; in the same temper that she destroyed the looking-glasses. Walpole refers to this relic as "a fragment of one of Elizabeth's last broad-pieces, representing her horribly old and deformed: an entire coin with this image is not known. It is usually supposed that the die was broken by her command, and that some workmen of the Mint cut out this morsel, which contains barely the face." This is an interesting memorial, and is stated to have been purchased for the British Museum, for the large sum of £36. 15s.

7. *A very fine large and massive antique Gold Ring*, with a castle on it, and within *un bon An*, denoting it to have been a new year's gift. This curious relic was found in the Thames: its age must not be guessed by the architecture of the castle engraved on it as a signet. This ring wants identity to render it interesting.

8. *A Silver Owl*, used in England as a whistle to call servants by the nobility and gentry, previous to the introduction of hand-bells; the whistle being the perch where-

on the bird stands. There are two pairs of these whistles in the collection, both nicely chased. Bells, by the way, are of comparatively modern introduction into houses in England; and the old mode of calling servants was, besides by whistling, by lusty knocks, such as we heard a short time since in the hall of Christ's Hospital, and by which the boys were called to silence and supper; possibly this custom may be as old as the foundation itself, some three centuries since. In France, to this day, there is no stage-bell, but three knocks are the signal for the rising of the curtain. In Turkey there are no bells, yet folks dine.

Here we halt; but must return to Strawberry Hill, or rather its cream, in our next Journal.

THE LONG-HAIRED MUSICIAN.

MANY vagrants are musicians, but it does not follow that all musicians are vagrants; any more than because Sir Peter Laurie is a magistrate, that all magistrates are Sir Peter Lauries. This is most lucky for the musical profession; for, as it is expected of musicians now-a-days to wear long hair as a necessary appendage to their talent, it would naturally follow, if all musicians were vagrants, that their hair would stand a very diminutive chance of salvation, if all magistrates were Sir Peter Lauries; and, as the traditional period is rapidly advancing, when London is sure to be converted into an immense concert room, for the benefit of indigenous and exotic professors, the great merit of the programme would be shorn of its "fair proportions" if the *barberous* theory of Sir Peter Laurie were to be reduced into cruel practice.

This is the very time of the year when professors of playing and singing rush to the Hanover Square Rooms of England, as instinctively as the poor fellows with their tickets for soup do to the Mendicity Society. They come from Amsterdam, or Rotterdam, or Potsdam, or any other place which draws a *dam* after it, and exhibit their crystal-edged snuff-boxes, labelled with royal portraits, as so many certificates of their transcendent abilities. It is a *bond fide* invasion of all the hungry *Sourkrautbuchs*, the *Pfeifblasers*, and sucking *Strausses* of Germany, who fill their pockets and tobacco-pouches at our expense, and then return to the "banks of the blue Moselle," to pity and abuse the English upon their little knowledge of or taste for music.

The long-haired musician, however, comes generally from the shores of the "arrowy Rhine." He is of a most aerial attenuation, and shows his passion for music by the quantity of sandwiches he devours in an evening, to keep up the stamina of his voice.

He is most empirically particular when he sings. He must have a person by him to turn over the leaves; a person to snuff the candles; and will have no one to play for him but the young lady of the house.

The long-haired musician never acknowledges Rossini. He will make you repeat his name two or three times, before he stoops to understand whom you mean; and then shakes his hair, as much as to say that he has no connexion with him.

The name of Meyerbeer he just slightly acknowledges, because he is a German; but then again he regrets his waste of ability in writing for the French Opera. How much better would *Robert le Diable* have been, if it had illustrated some wild legend of the Rhine, or a supernatural subject, like that of *Der Freischütz*!

The long-haired musician will not leave you for the whole evening, if you fool him with a compliment, or venture within half a breath of one. He will hold you by the button, whilst with the other hand he makes of your dexter shoulder a sort of piano-forte to execute all the airs he can call to memory. He accompanies these with a

sort of humming, blue-bottle noise; so that you figure as his instrument to the large circle of wonder-wrapt admirers he has buzzed around him.

Woe to the sofa or rose-coloured paper, against which he pillows his greasy head! A proof-impression is sure to be left behind as an indication of his "capillary attraction."

The long-haired musician despairs all perfume, though you can smell him three rooms off, from the awakening odour of stale smoke that always precedes his person, like a dutiful servant, to announce him. Like a tea-kettle, he must smoke before he can begin to sing.

The long-haired musician is given greatly to jewellery, that is to say, to jewellery that is *given* to him. His fingers are covered with diamond and sapphire *souvenirs*, his shirt is studded with ruby reminiscences; and from his waistcoat pocket there hangs, in golden undulations, some royal seal of his European reputation.

The long-haired musician never leaves without a bottle of champagne and a ten-pound note. He generally expects as a matter of homage to be carried home in his master's carriage.

But to the long-haired musician his hair is the object of his fondest predilection. It is his bank, his revenue, his family, his idol, his second self. Cut off his hair, and you cut off his entail of genius. He would not part with the infinitesimal fraction of its length—not for all the five-shilling fines Sir Peter Laurie could offer him; he would not part with it—not if each, individual, separate, hair were to be rated at the value of one of the best Cremona strings!

O. P. Q.

The Armourer of Paris.

A ROMANCE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAP. XI.—Conclusion.—The Gibbet at Montfaucon.

The crowd of soldiers, and adherents to the cause of Burgundy and the Queen, who now came rushing onwards in the Rue St. Antoine, were headed, as Isabelle had conjectured, by L'Isle Adam and Graville, under the guidance of Bourdichon, who, captured from the party to whose care the Constable had consigned him, once more found himself in the number of the Queen's troops. Tossed about like a ball by the excited mob—now bandied over head from one to the other, and anon borne a short way on the shoulders of the sturdiest rioters—the luckless little bourgeois had scarcely an atom of breath left in his body; and it was by the medium of energetic action, rather than words, that, on arriving in front of his own house, he made the multitude understand it was the locality where he had left the Constable. But his intelligence was scarcely needed, for Isabelle had thrown open the casement, and was waving on her partisans to enter the house, with her scarf, which she had hurriedly detached for the purpose.

With the eagerness of a pack of bloodhounds rushing upon their prey, the mob beat in the doors and rushed into the house, bearing their torches aloft, with the uncontrollable force of a mighty inundation. At the first alarm, D'Armagnac drew his sword, and placed himself by the panel; but as soon as he perceived the utter hopelessness of any opposition he could offer, he threw the weapon away from him, and quietly folding his arms, retreated to the King's side, as the apartment filled with the rioters.

"Death to the Constable!" was shouted by an hundred voices, as they perceived D'Armagnac in their power; and one or two advanced towards him, brandishing their daggers. On perceiving this movement, the King threw himself in their way, exclaiming—

"What want ye with the Constable? Whoever ye are, spare his life—for he is the only friend I have remaining. Ye would not kill him by my side?"

"The King!" cried several of the foremost of the Bourguignons, as they recognised Charles, and fell back spontaneously.

"Isabelle," continued the monarch, turning to his consort, "why do you wish for his death? You have power to set him free—one word from you, and his life is saved."

"I have no power over it, monseigneur," answered the Queen, "it belongs to another, who is not here."

"I implore you——"

"Enough, enough, my liege!" interrupted Isabelle, seizing with energy the hands of the King, and forcing them down from the attitude of supplication which he was assuming. Then turning to the crowd, she exclaimed, "I am Queen and Regent—no word can be potent here but mine—and the Constable is my enemy."

Another wild shout rose from the soldiers, as they again rushed towards D'Armagnac, who fell, upon receiving a wound in his leg from the halberd of one of the men-at-arms. The King, uttering a cry of terror, threw his mantle over the prostrate Constable, and stood before him; upon which the soldiers once more fell back—until, encouraged by the presence of the Queen, Graville drew the King away from his minister. At this instant, a man pale and breathless entered the room, and forcing his way through the dense mass of rioters, stood over the prostrate Constable, with his drawn sword pointed towards the insurgents.

"Back, all of you," he cried, with energy, "the life of this man belongs to me—I alone can dispose of it!"

"Perinet!" cried the Queen, as she recognised the armourer.

"You will not kill him, then," exclaimed the King. "Order these fearful men to retreat, or they will assassinate him."

"Not one of their weapons shall touch him, sire," replied Perinet. Then turning to the Queen, he continued, "Isabelle, I kept my word when faith was wanted, and I expect the same from you. I have in my doublet a paper, signed by your own hand, as Regent of France. Tell these persons, then, that no one else has right to dispose of his life—not even yourself."

"It is true," returned the Queen. "But what wish you, Perinet? You are not going to betray me?"

"Far from it, madame—I would but avenge myself."

"His life is in your power," exclaimed the Queen, "and you can dispose of him as you please. What shall be his destiny?"

The armourer cast a glance of triumph at his fallen enemy, and drew off his own surcoat. He turned to the Constable and showed him the scars of a recent punishment upon his shoulders. Then, in reply to Isabelle, he added, with an exulting smile—

"The common gibbet at Montfaucon."

"You would not hang me like a dog?" said D'Armagnac, feebly.

"You beat me like one, in front of the Châtelet," returned Perinet. "Ho! there!" he continued; "a horse for Queen Isabelle. It will be a dainty sight to behold the Constable of France on the thieves' gibbet. Sire de Graville, to your charge I commit the traitor. L'Isle Adam, you will take care of the King. And now onward to Montfaucon."

A roar of exultation broke from the surrounding crowd as Perinet spoke. Indeed, so bitter was the hatred entertained by every follower of the cause of Burgundy, against the wily D'Armagnac, that it required all the exertion of authority on the part of Graville to restrain the populace from tearing him to pieces. Clearing the room, however, of the greater part of the throng, who now hastily bent their way in the direction of the gibbet, the Queen's

faithful adherent collected a few tried men of his own guard around him, and placing the Constable in the midst of them, they left the house; the Queen following on horseback, whilst Perinet rode by her side.

The Gibbet of Montfaucon, towards which point every step was now turned, was placed on the eminence from which it derived its name, still existing beyond the faubourgs of St. Martin and the Temple. Upon a parallelogram of solid masonry, about 50 feet long by 35 feet broad, were erected sixteen stone columns, supporting long transverse wooden beams, to which the chains of the criminals were attached. A vault, built in the centre of the foundation, served as a receptacle for the bodies, as they dried and fell to pieces; and this was closed by a strong door, placed at the commencement of a flight of stairs.

The spot where the gibbet stood is now covered with buildings, and forms an industrious locality, but at the period of our legend nothing could be more wild and lonely than its situation. Its presence seemed to have blasted every thing around it for some distance; and the majority of the people regarded it with superstitious dread, rarely approaching its unhallowed precincts, save at the times when it received a new victim. And when the sun had gone down, and his last rays had fallen upon the gaunt pillars that marked its elevation, with the blackened remnants of mortality that hung between them—when twilight stole over the wild and savage waste upon which it was built, and the distant spires of Paris faded in the gloom, the traveller went far out of his way to avoid the gibbet, and shuddered as he heard the wind moan through the dreary pile, like the wailings of those who had expiated their offences upon it, from the common assassin to the great and—in too many cases good—men, whose crumbling bones were scattered on the floor of its enclosure.

The report of D'Armagnac's intended execution spread like wildfire amidst the infuriated mob of soldiers, artisans, and *bougeois*, that were assembled in the Rue St. Antoine; and the vast mass immediately rushed onwards, in one voluminous wave of irresistible force, towards the Porte du Temple, through the narrow tortuous streets which led to that entrance of the city. So obnoxious had the government of the Constable made him to the people at large, as we have before stated, that Graville himself ran no small risk, from the missiles they were every instant hurling at his prisoner, both from the surrounding rioters and from the windows of the houses. On arriving at the gate, a temporary check took place, from the inadequacy of the portal to allow the dense mass to pass; and many hundreds plunged boldly into the fosse and swam across; whilst other large bodies hastened round to the Porte St. Martin, collecting in magnitude as they went, like some mighty avalanche. On arriving at the open ground, without the city walls, the crowd rushed onwards with unrestrained impatience towards the elevation; and innumerable torches cast a vivid glare over the marais, now perfectly obliterated with the throng of visitors. The main body of the Bourguignon troops still kept in firm order round the Queen, who continued in the rear, with Perinet at her side. As they approached the gibbet, it appeared rising from a hill of flame, so numerous were the torch-bearers who now covered Montmartre: and some of the more daring had climbed the pillars, and were running round upon the beams, like so many demons waiting for their prey. In every direction lights were seen crossing the open country, all tending in the direction of the gibbet; and by the time Graville and his body of men-at-arms arrived, conducting the prisoner, it was only by their exertions alone that he could approach the scaffold.

In the midst of this wild tumult of excitement, the

Constable was the only one who appeared unmoved. With his arms folded, he maintained one fixed position, occasionally raising his head to throw a glance of contempt at the throng around him. As the group approached the scaffold, Perinet leapt from his horse, and leading the Queen's palfrey by the rein, placed it under the protection of Graville, whilst he himself assumed the command of the body of guards that surrounded D'Armagnac.

A roar of impatience burst from the multitude, as they recognised Perinet on the flight of stone steps, cut in the masonry which led to the platform.

"Do you hear that shout?" asked the armourer of D'Armagnac. "You enjoy a strange popularity with the people. They are anxious for you to present yourself before them."

"I care as little for your irony as for your punishment," exclaimed D'Armagnac, speaking for the first time. "If you think that I shrink from facing them, you are mistaken. Give me place, and I will allow them the wished-for sight."

The armourer ascended the stairs, and D'Armagnac followed him, still preserving the same haughty bearing. As he reached the summit, another tremendous shout of mingled hatred and triumph saluted him, and one or two burning torches were hurled at him by the more athletic of the crowd below.

"Snarl—bay—scream yourselves hoarse, vile curs!" cried the Constable. "My voice can still be heard, and I send it forth, terrible and threatening, with a malediction of eternal infamy and ruin upon you. I curse you, Perinet Leclerc, and the vile cause you have espoused."

"People of Paris," exclaimed the armourer, "you shall yourselves be the executioners of the tyrant who has so long oppressed you. Heed not his curses—they will but rise as evidence against him before the great tribunal at whose bar he is about to appear. Seize the end of this cord, and await my signal to do justice upon the tyrant."

As he spoke, he threw the end of a line over the cross beam, and then cast the other extremity to the crowd below, who rushed eagerly forwards to seize it. Taking the noose that terminated it in his hand, he threw it carelessly over the neck and shoulders of the Constable.

"Hold!" he continued, as the impatient mob commenced to retreat with the cord, "All is not yet settled between us."

"What fresh insult have you invented?" said D'Armagnac, turning pale with terror and helpless rage.

"We have an old score to balance," returned Perinet, tearing off the Constable's doublet, and drawing his poignard.

"You would assassinate me!" cried the Constable. "Strike then, I should prefer death even from your weapon, rather than the dog's fate you have assigned to me."

"You are mistaken," returned Perinet. "Constable—when you branded me on the Quai du Châtelet, I told you that you also should carry the red cross of Burgundy, and that *I never broke my word*. Receive it, and then command your soul to our Lady, for your last moment has arrived."

Thus speaking, he thrust the garments of the Constable aside, and scored his shoulders with two deep transverse wounds. Then, casting the crimsoned blade from him, he cried aloud, "Death to the traitor!"

The insurgent who had charge of the cord retreated; and in an instant D'Armagnac was suspended in the air. A fearful cry of triumph greeted his execution; and the sounds rang in his ears whilst his life was departing, for the cord was hastily and badly adjusted, and he was some minutes struggling in agony. At length, the hands fell

motionless at his side, and a lifeless mass was all that remained of the Constable, which kept slowly revolving, as the multitude, in their savage exultation, jerked it up and down.

Perinet waited on the platform until all was over, and then descended to the spot where Isabelle had taken her station.

"Madame," he exclaimed, "all is now finished, and you are the sole ruler of France. I have avenged Bourdon's murder, and my own dishonour. Resume your power, and let the fate of that wretched man warn you from grinding down too harshly a people who are disposed to serve you. Were I ambitious I would ask some grace at your hands; but I have accomplished all I wished, and we part this hour. But, should revolt again disturb our country, (which Heaven avert,) the will of Isabelle de Bavière will be sacredly obeyed by

"The Armourer of Paris."

ALBERT.

PRAYER.

O God, how idly, day by day,
I waste my useless life away;
How all unmarked, except by sin,
My blighted path has ever been;
How sharp the pang of heart and brain,
To feel that I have lived in vain;
To have no wish to live, no tie
To life,—and yet to dread to die!
Merciful Father! when Thy will
Called me from nothing forth, to fill
The appointed measure of my years,
A pilgrim through this vale of tears,—
When, from the dark abyss of night,
Thy Spirit summoned me to light,—
And still, through every shade of ill,
Thy hand has saved, and saves me still;—
Thou didst not those great blessings give,
For me, as I have lived, to live!
But Thou, Omniscient Lord of all,
Knowest how I am held in thrall;
How hard the effort is for me
To lift my downcast eyes to Thee;
And how my wandering senses stray,
When to Thy throne I seek to pray!
Even now, my soul, oppressed with grief,
Turns to Thy mercy for relief;—
I bow beneath Thy chastening rod,
And pray for help to Thee, O God!
To Thee, who in Thy word hast said,
Thou hatest nothing Thou hast made:
In the dread name of Him who died
For me and all mankind beside,—
Lord God of Heaven and Earth and Air,
Oh, hear thy suppliant servant's prayer. W. G. M.

HEADS AND TALES.

LUDICROUS COMPARISON.

The Rev. Sydney Smith compares Mr. Canning in office to a fly in amber: "nobody cares about the fly: the only question is, How the devil did it get there? Nor do I attack him from the love of glory, but from the love of utility, as a burgomaster hunts a rat in a Dutch dyke, for fear it should flood a province. When he is jocular he is strong, when he is serious he is like Samson in a wig. Call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry, and a dicer-out of the highest lustre, I do most readily admit. After George Selwyn, and perhaps Tickell, there has been no such man for the last half century."—Peter Plymley's Letters.

HERALDRY OF GAMING.

At a party at Strawberry Hill, Walpole, Edgecumbe, Selwyn, and Williams, composed a coat of arms for the two clubs at White's, of which the following is the blazon :

Vert, (for card-table,) between the three parolis proper, on a chevron table (for hazard table,) two rouleaus in a saltire between two dice, proper in a canton, sable, a white ball (for election) argent.

Supporters. An old knave of clubs on the dexter; a young knave on the sinister side; both accounted proper.

Crest. Issuing out of an earl's coronet (Lord Darlington) an arm shaking a dice-box, all proper.

Motto. (Alluding to the crest,) *cogit amor nummi*. The arms encircled by a claret bottle ticket by way of order.

WHO'S HE?

An old woman, in a village in the west of England, was told one day that the King of Prussia was dead, such a report having arrived when the Great Frederick was in the noon-day of his glory. Old Mary lifted up her great sloe eyes at the news, and fixing them in the fulness of vacancy, upon her informant, replied, "Is a! is a!"—The Lord ha' mercy!—Well! well! "The King of Prussia! And who's he?" The "who's he," of this old woman, might serve as a text for a notable sermon upon ambition. "Who's he?" may now be asked of men, greater as soldiers in their day than Frederick or Wellington; greater in discoveries than Sir Isaac, or Sir Humphrey. Who built the Pyramids? Who ate the first oyster?—*The Doctor*.

ORIGIN OF BOTTLED ALE.

Alexander Newell, Dean of St. Paul's, and Master of Westminster School, in the reign of Queen Mary, was an excellent angler. But, says Fuller, whilst Newell was catching of fishes, Bishop Bonner was catching of Newell, and would certainly have sent him to the shambles, had not a good London merchant conveyed him away upon the seas. Newell was fishing upon the banks of the Thames, when he received the first intimation of his danger, which was so pressing, that he dared not go back to his own house to make any preparation for his flight. Like an honest angler, he had taken with him provision for the day; and when, in the first year of England's deliverance, he returned to his country, and his own haunts, he remembered that, on the day of his flight, he had left a bottle of beer in a safe place on the bank: there he looked for it, and "found it no bottle, but a gun"—such the sound at the opening thereof; and this, (says Fuller), is believed, (casually is mother of more invention than industry), the original of Bottled Ale in England."

A SIMILE.

The old Duke of Cumberland was one night playing at hazard, at Bedford House, with a great heap of gold before him, when somebody said: "he looked like the prodigal son and the fatted calf both."

PLEASING THE PUBLIC.

He who would please posterity must please himself, by choosing his own course. There are only two classes of writers who dare do this, the best and the worst; for this is one of the many cases in which extremes meet. The mediocres, in every grade, aim at pleasing the public, and conform themselves to the fashion of their age, whatever it may be.—*The Doctor*.

TRANSPORTATION AND IMPRISONMENT.

When the history of Australia has been attentively perused in the parish of St. Giles, the ancient avocation of picking pockets will certainly not become more discreditable, from the knowledge that it may eventually lead to the possession of a farm of a thousand acres, on the river Hawkesbury. Since the benevolent Howard attacked our prisons, incarceration has become not only healthy, but elegant; and a county jail is precisely the place to which any pauper might wish to retire, to gratify his taste for magnificence as well as for comfort. Upon the same principle, there is some risk that transportation will be considered as one of the surest roads to honour and to wealth; and that no felon will hear a verdict of "*not guilty*," without considering himself as cut off in the fairest career of prosperity.—*Sydney Smith*.

THE LONGEST LAW-SUIT.

A paragraph has recently appeared in one or two of the London papers, headed "the Longest Law-suit," in which both facts and names are sadly blundered. The famous "Berkeley Suit" lasted upwards of 190 (instead of 120) years: having commenced shortly after the death of Thomas fourth Lord Berkeley, in the fifth of Henry V. (1416) and terminated in the seventh of James I. (1609.) It arose out of the marriage of Elizabeth, only daughter and heiress of the above Baron, with Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, their descendants having continually sought to get possession of the Castle and Lordship of Berkeley, which not only occasioned the famous law-suit in question, but was often attended with the most violent quarrels on both sides, at least during the first fifty years or more. In the year 1469, (tenth of Edward IV.) Thomas Talbot, second Viscount Lisle, great grandson of the above Elizabeth,* residing at Wotton-under-Edge (not *Walton under Hedge!*) was killed at Nibley Green, in a furious skirmish between some 500 of his own retainers and about as many of those of William (then) Lord Berkeley, (whom he had challenged to the field†) who likewise headed his men; when, besides the brave but ill-fated young Lisle (scarce of age at that time,) about 150 of their followers were slain and 300 wounded, chiefly of the Wotton party, who fled on the fall of their leader. Lord Lisle's sisters were his heirs, and their husbands (one of whom also got the title) followed up the suit, as their descendants did after them, till down to the time of the first James, when Henry, eleventh Lord Berkeley, obtained a decree in favour of his claims, and got full and quiet possession of the lands and manors in dispute.—*Gloucestershire Chronicle*.

THE VILLAGE BUDGET.

BY THE PARISH SCHOOLMASTER.

NO. III.—A LEGEND OF THE GLEN.—CHAP. III.

"My daughter! Oh, my daughter!"—*Campbell*.

By the morning's dawn the report had spread throughout the village that a lady had been murdered near by; and ere the grey dim light of morning had given way to that of day, a crowd of eager villagers were hastening towards the glen where the murderous deed had been committed. But, before proceeding further with our history, it may be as well to give a brief description of the spot which was now invested with so melancholy an interest. As you leave Killstane, the road winds round the base of the hill on which the village stands; and taking an abrupt turn, runs along the front of another, the extremity of which it no sooner gains, than a pleasant romantic glen bursts upon the view. With the exception of here and there a patch of green sward arresting the eye, the whole seems a dense thicket of forest-trees—the foliage of which displays variegated beauty, as it is mellowed by the hand of time in all its varied seasons. A small streamlet wends its course through this solitary valley; here flowing placidly, and there dashing over rocks, and breaking the silence of the glen by its lone echoes. On a summer day,—a day "in the leafy month of June," it is pleasant to wander by its moss-clad banks, and follow its course as it murmurs on beneath the trees; for here may the lovers of solitude find that repose which they seek in vain in the more noisy world. Here they become inspired with somewhat of poetic feelings; and ceasing to gaze on nature with the eye of cold philosophy, what a music to them, is in that little stream,

* He was grandson of the great Earl of Shrewsbury, "English John Talbot," who, with his son, our hero's father (the Viscount Lisle) fell at the siege of Chatillon in France.

† Rudder, in a note in his County History, gives both the challenge and answer, and curious documents they are.

" That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune!"

Seldom is the silence of this little valley disturbed, for although the road crosses its lower extremity, few people ever traverse it. The road, therefore, from being seldom used, has become quite a neglected path, where the wild rose and the yellow whin may grow and bloom, untouched. Where it crosses the woodland burn, a neat rustic bridge spans the tiny breadth; and many a shrub and floweret wild, spring up from the crevices in the mouldering arch, to bloom and fade, and spring and bloom again. Through this glen, and along this bridge, the eager villagers hastened on the morning after the murder of the lady; and at the very spot they were told she lay—a short distance from the burn—did they find her. They could not behold her without pity, and many a bitter imprecation was breathed against her dastardly murderer, and many a wish uttered that he might speedily be overtaken by the avenging arm of the law, and meet the due retribution of his crime. And there, too, was old Tom Moss, the most sorrowful of all that sorrowing band; for he had seen the poor lady in all her beauty, but a short time before her melancholy end; and now as he gazed on her beautiful features, defaced by a large stream of clotted blood, he said to the bystanders: "O had ye seen the piteous look she gied me, when her villainous husband shov'd her into the chaise, it wad hae made yer hearts melt wi' pity. An' tho' after they gaed awa, I thocht mysel' an' auld fule to meddle wi' things I had nae richt wi', od's how I wish noo, I had felled him to the grund, as he did me!—but it's useless speakin'—the deed's dune, an' we canna help it; but d'ye, no think it wad be richt to tak her hame to my house, where the sheriff's folk can see her when they come?"

They all agreed it would, and instantly some departed to procure a conveyance to take the body to the village. While they were yet absent on this errand, the gallop of horses was heard; and, in a few moments, two horsemen turned the angle of the road, and dashing over the little bridge, reined in their steeds where the villagers stood.

"Ye hae na lost mucke time, Sandy," said his father, as the officer and he dismounted; "I didna expec' ye here for two hours yet."

"Such warl as this wad mak ony ane ride fast," he replied, "and I fear there's been ower mucke time lost already."

Under the direction of the criminal officer, the corpse was removed to the Cross Keys—where, he informed them, the Procurator-Fiscal would shortly be, to take a recognition of the whole affair. Meanwhile, it was the officer's duty to gain all possible intelligence of the fugitives, and set off in pursuit. Judging from the spot where the deed was committed, it was thought its perpetrators must have passed through Glenhaw in their flight; and to that village, accordingly, the officer instantly set out. On his arrival there, however, he found no such travellers had been seen; consequently, he much doubted but that they had taken some cross-road over the hills, before reaching Glenhaw, with the intention of making the sea-port of _____, by the least frequented way. This suspicion seemed the more likely from the fact of the tollbar-keeper at Glenhaw, vouching most positively that no chaise had passed that way on the previous evening, or on that morning. The officer accordingly took the road he thought they must have gone, not without the hope that they had not reached the sea-port in time to escape. The day was dull and gloomy, and he found the road he had to travel was one of the most hilly and toilsome in the whole country; yet he spurred his horse to its utmost speed. For many a mile, there was neither house nor hamlet near; and when he had gained the summit of the hill—the

ascent of which had been so toilsome, a wide and dreary moor stretched out to his view—without either tree or hedge to relieve the dull and barren sight. After travelling through this lonely waste for some five or six miles, he was glad to find the road diverge through a more fertile country, and turning the abrupt corner of an adjoining brae, a little hamlet was before him. Around the door of what seemed to be the village smithy, he observed a group of a few people gathered, evidently discussing some topic of unusual interest; and so intent were they on the subject, that he had time to ride quite close to them before they perceived his presence.

"Have any strangers passed this way?" he inquired, as soon as the surprise his presence created had in some measure abated.

"Ay, that there hae," exclaimed the sturdy smith, making his way from out the darkened work-shop, where he had just been holding forth some sage gossip to his wondering neighbours—"but when they cam, an' how they gaed awa, no leevin soul here kens aught about. Ye see it's no muuckle mair than an hour sin some neebours here fand a chaise wi' a couple o' horses standin' down by there"—pointing to a little hollow on the road—"but what's the queerest part o'ya, no ane saw wha brocht them. The puri brutes hae had a smart job o't, I guess; for evan even noo they're covered wi' sweat, though Jeck there has been sortin' them this guid while."

Explaining very briefly, the purport of his journey—which of course increased the surprise of the gaping crowd—the officer bent his steps to a small public-house near by, where, refreshing his steed, he lost no time in resuming his journey. It was satisfactory to know he was now on the right track; but why the fugitives should have left the chaise at the spot they did, and whether they had pursued their way onward to the sea-coast, was a question of much doubt; the more so, when on leaving the hamlet he found a cross-road seeming to wind over bleak and barren hills, due northward into the very heart of the highlands. Adhering to his original intention, he took the coast road, which seemed the most likely route; but despite all his inquiries at the few houses he passed, and the straggling travellers he met, he could find no trace of the individuals he was in search of. At length, he arrived within sight of the sea-port, but owing to the dullness of the weather, he had only a limited view of the ocean. Here and there several small craft lay beating about in the bay, but he could distinguish no sail bearing outward from the port. The high road on which he was then journeying, commanded a good view of the bay and town, which lay at the foot of the hill; and had it not been for the dull hazy atmosphere, he might have had the full range of the coast for many a mile. As he stopped for a minute or two, and bent his gaze on a distant speck, which the haze was fast hidin' from view, a small rowing boat put off from a concealed jutting of the shore, just below where he then was; and, before he was well aware, its stout rowers had reached a considerable distance in the direction of the object at which he was so intently gazing. From the hurried anxious manner of a man who sat in the boat's stern, rolled up in a huge cloak—and who was ever casting furtive glances at the shore he left, he was at little loss to perceive, that he was the object of his pursuit; and he doubted not that one of those who lent his powerful aid in rowing was his equally guilty accomplice. No time was now to be lost; so hurrying down to the harbour he procured a boat—well manned—and immediately gave chase. From having started a short distance below the town, the first boat had gained a considerable advantage; and, in the time which necessarily elapsed before the second one could be brought into action, it was a long

way a-head. What with this advantage, and the haziness of the morning, as they turned the cliff from behind which the fugitive's boat had pushed off, the officer and his crew could only discern its dim retreating form. However, straining every nerve, the boatmen bent to their oars, and steered in its direction. For a time, they were cheered by the thought that they were gaining on it; when, suddenly, they lost sight of it altogether. It seemed as if even the weather favoured the murderer's flight; for now the haze became more thick and gloomy, and before the baffled pursuers could make their way back to the harbour—which they did with great difficulty—it had settled down into a dense fog.

Time passed on; the excitement the event created in the village had subsided, and still there was no clue to the discovery of the murderer. Many a wild story, however, was abroad of ghosts and spectres being seen in the little valley; and to this day, it is a popular belief that the lady's spirit hovers round this spot. Alas, poor lady! hers was a melancholy fate; and on a winter's night when her sad story is told around the ingle-side, many a youthful heart saddens at her pitiable fate. In our church-yard, beneath the shadow of a decayed oak tree, is her humble grave, which well might have received the appellation of "the grave of the unknown." Months rolled by, and the green sward on this grave was putting on the verdure of spring, when an old and care-worn gentleman drew near with feeble steps. That he had but stepped from a sick bed, his appearance too plainly told; and an attentive observer could not fail to see, it was not so much the disease of the body, as the sorrows of the mind, that had wrought their ravages in his features. He was accompanied by, and leaned on the arm of, our worthy minister—and though his deportment was that of a military man, yet the mild and patient calmness of his countenance told of some deep-rooted sorrow—some corroding grief which weighed upon his heart. A few words suffice to tell his tale—he was the lady's father. It was a bright spring-day, and each shrub and flower, and every blade of grass were glistening with the moisture of a morning shower; all around was calmness, and the song of birds, as they warbled forth their glee, came softly and sweetly upon the ear.

"This is her grave," said the minister, halting by the lonely spot; "and those early primroses blooming around it were planted by the sisters whom I told you of, who had passed the place when she met her sad end. Her death affected them much, and it was their fancy to have those flowers blooming there."

"Heaven bless them for their kindness," said his companion in a voice of faltering emotion. For a short time, he stood, incapable of uttering aught to relieve the anguish of a throbbing heart. And what a moment was that to him!—a father bending o'er the grave of a murdered daughter—a daughter who had been at once the friend and solace of his declining years—one in whom his dearest affections were centered, and who, as she sprung into the full glow of womanhood, had been doubly dear as the reflected image of a lovely, but long-lost wife. As he stood by the grave, intense anguish seized his bosom, and he felt in all its force, the withering effect of the heart's desolation.

"Life has no solace for me now," he said, as stifling his emotion, they left the spot. "I am an old man, and have encountered many trials in my chequered life—but this last of all is hard—is very hard to bear."

"It is no common sorrow, I well know," replied the minister; "but, however severe the trial, it is our duty to bow."

"It is—it is—and I had hoped my mind was calmed

to resignation; but this visit to her grave has renewed my grief in all its bitterness."

A SUDDEN ARRIVAL.

BY A CAPTAIN IN THE GUARDS.

ABOUT the middle of the month of August, 1814, at one o'clock in the morning, a young man was wandering through the Rue de la Provence, evidently in search of some particular house. He had just arrived in Paris on foot, to judge from a stick thrown across his shoulder, whereto was tied the small parcel indispensable to humble travellers. However, owing to his military habits, his costume was neat, and rather elegant; for he had refitted, in some measure, at the gates of the city, like all soldiers about to garrison in *la grande ville*. If we add that this young person had an excellent figure, and wore on his breast the star of the Legion of Honour—then more rare than now-a-days—it will be evident that even at that late hour he might present himself almost anywhere without exciting distrust or fear. He soon found the house he was looking for, and remarked with obvious anxiety that the carriage-way bore traces of many wheels. He knocked at the *porte cochère* without hesitation; the porter was still up. Our traveller proceeded to the lodge, and asked for Madame Aniel.

"My mistress?" asked a pretty chambermaid, who was chatting with the porter.

"Madame Aniel," repeated the young soldier, "widow to an officer killed on the field of—"

"But, sir," replied the chambermaid, "at this time Madame Aniel will not receive you."

"Who told you that, petite?" rejoined he; then extending his hand towards the windows of the first story, remarkable for the brightness of the light within, he added, "Is not that the apartment of Louisa—of Madame Aniel, I mean? Is she gone to bed? Go, and announce the Lieutenant Changarnier."

The chambermaid hesitated; but the porter, an old soldier, who passed for a Bonapartist in the neighbourhood, advanced *à pas rapide* at the aspect of the cross which shone upon the lieutenant's breast, made a salute military, and said, with the peculiar half-smile of a veteran—

"Quite sufficient, captain. Therese, go and tell your mistress of the gentleman's arrival. What! are you afraid that he will eat her up!"

Therese obeyed; the lieutenant followed the chambermaid, was announced, and in a few moments was in Louisa's arms.

"Victor! Victor!" exclaimed the young and beautiful widow, as the lieutenant pressed her to his heart—"Is it—is it—you?"

Oh how sweet was the sound of that voice! the aspect how lovely! The lieutenant ardently saluted her, exclaiming—

"Ten years ago thou wouldest have saluted me, dearest! Ten years ago thou calledst me *tu*!"

"Alas! we were children *then*," said Louisa, placing her arms around Victor's neck.

"And happy children, too," replied the lieutenant. "Thy father, it is true, obliged thee to marry a man less beloved than was I. But Aniel was a capital fellow—a brave officer. Thou hast seen but little of him; for since his marriage we have been brothers in arms, and of the same regiment. Oh! I love thee—I adore thee! but I would have given away all my chances of future happiness to redeem his life, had it been in my power. Alas! he fell close to me on that fatal field. But let us speak

no more of that. ~ Why talk of unhappiness ; it is enough to know it."

The lieutenant's protestations were here renewed. But all at once he rose, and perceived that a witness was present. Therese was there, as prudishly stiff as a duenna, and listening with remarkable attention. The lieutenant just pointed her out to Madame Aniel, without disentwining the arms around him.

" What are you doing there, mademoiselle ? Pray, is your apartment the drawing-room ? Go into my chamber. I will ring for you when I want you."

" But, madame, you know well that—"

" That it is half-past one—no matter."

" That is not what I was going to say, madame," answered Therese, " it is that—"

" Retire, Therese."

The chambermaid reluctantly obeyed, and the widow found herself alone with the lieutenant. The sudden emotion she had just experienced affected her so deeply that she dropped into an arm-chair, and shed a profusion of tears. Victor sat down beside her, and took her hand in his.

The lieutenant's position, *en fait d'amour !* seemed to him the simplest in the world ; he had been educated with Louise Amilhaud, now the widowed Madame Aniel, and had loved her from his childhood upwards. Four years before he had asked her in marriage ; but the fair girl's father had refused his consent, and had married her to the Capitaine Aniel, who was very rich. Victor shortly after entered a cavalry regiment, and his bravery and good behaviour procured him speedy advancement. Being in the same regiment, Aniel and he had few secrets hidden from each other.

" I die happy !" exclaimed the captain, as he fell, " for thou lovest Louisa. Thou wilt marry her—it is my last hope."

Victor had been taken prisoner, but released ; after the return of the Bourbons he came back on foot. He came to Louisa's door full of hope, it was very clear ; and that hope had become certitude. But when he saw the tears of the sweet girl, and taking hold of her hand, found it tremble, a variety of doubts agitated him. She might have forgotten him ; she loved, perhaps, another. He was without fortune ; his rank in the army was his sole possession. He cared little for serving the new government, and the Bourbons felt little disposed to encourage the officers of the empire.

On the other hand, Madame Aniel was rich. This idea struck him painfully as he beheld himself in a magnificent mansion, with no other property than his stick and his knapsack, or rather *mouchoir*. Now, in those times, political opinions were almost religion, and it was possible that the widow of the empire had changed hers ; she might have abandoned the tri-colour for the lily, and in that case the reception given him was only as a remembrance of the past, nothing more. In the midst of these thoughts he dropped her hands, and walked rapidly to and fro across the apartment. Up to that moment he had seen only Louisa ; but now he cast his eyes around, and approaching a large table, placed his hand on a rich Cashmere ; beneath was a second one, under which were stuffs of gold, muslins so light that they might have passed through a ring, a case in which diamonds shone dazzlingly, and a gold bracelet on which a coat of arms was engraved. He took the latter up and examined it.

" These are the arms of the Count de Vismes, of the *Garde du Corps*. He marries madame *to-morrow*."

These words were whispered by Therese, who had entered the drawing-room. The lieutenant placed the bracelet in the case, and replaced his parcel at the end of the stick, and then placed the stick over his shoulder.

" Therese ! Therese !" exclaimed the young lady, stamping on the floor with her pretty foot ; " did I not tell you to withdraw ?"

Therese made her exit, and Louisa ran up to the lieutenant.

" Put down your stick, my love. What ! do you intend again to abandon me ? My father is a royalist. I am not, mind. The king has given him the *Croix d'Honneur*. He is admitted at court, and is excessively proud of it. They have given him to understand that I have not got an aristocratic name."

" No !" exclaimed the lieutenant ; " the name of a brave man, killed in serving his country !"

" And then, too," said the young lady, " thou art dead, Victor !"

" Dead ?"

" At least my father says so, and I must believe that one so loyal tells the truth. Were it not so, I would not have shown thee, my dear, how far my love to thee extended. Thou art *dead* ! for my father wishes me to marry again."

" And you have consented, Louisa ?"

" What could I do ? you were *dead* ! My father pressed me ; he wants me to be a countess, and his grandsons noblemen. I have long resisted. They have presented to me one neither handsome nor ugly, (how handsome in these eyes you are, dear Victor !) neither rich nor poor, and my father has promised, in my name, that this marriage is to be celebrated at court, and—to-morrow ! When you arrived I was weeping."

" Weeping ?"

" Yes ! My father has sacrificed me *once* to his interest ; and he wants now to make me the victim to his vanity !"

" But thou art free, and thy own mistress, Louisa ?"

" Yes, by law, but not as it respects my father, when he threatens to curse me. Though—"

" Though ?" repeated the lieutenant.

" When you came in I had made up my mind—"

" To become countess ?"

" No ! to remain Madame Aniel. They think of doing me a favour by receiving me into their family. But enough of this."

She then began to talk of the scenes of their childhood, reminded him of the fields in which they played together when young ; of the commencement of their affection, their despair when her father refused to unite them.

" Madame," said the chambermaid, who did not find much amusement in the bed-room of her mistress, " it is near five o'clock."

" True !" said the widow.

" But to-morrow," said Therese, or rather to-day, at ten o'clock, you are to go to church ; you will have no sleep whatever in the morning."

" Therese, order the horses to be put to the carriage."

" Madame !"

" Do what I bid you : take back all these presents to the Count de Vismes ; tell him I am gone into the country with an old friend ; with M. Victor Changarnier, ex-lieutenant of hussars in the *Garde Imperiale*."

In August it is daylight at four o'clock in the morning ; the two lovers took their seats in the carriage, leaving the lady's father to settle the matter with the Count de Vismes.

" Adieu !—Jerome ! You will not betray me. I am sure you will not, for I am about to marry an hussar of the 'old guard.'"

And the carriage stole away.

A month after the Lieutenant Changarnier presented himself before the Count de Vismes.

" Count," said he, " about a month ago I arrived in

Paris, to see the woman whom I loved and who had returned my love. You were not a favourite with her, but you had her promise; she was to marry you the next day. We fled—not because we feared you, but because we did not wish to provoke the prayers and threats of a father. If Madame Aniel gave her word to you, it was because she thought me *dead*. You were going to marry her, yet loved her not. It was a marriage of convenience—and you loved another! I know it; but am not aware what the lady you were attached to thought of your marriage; now, however, that the match with Madame Aniel is entirely broken off, your fair one will not suffer you to fight a duel without some excellent reason; moreover, if you were to kill me you would never marry a woman after having been her husband's murderer. Madame Aniel is now Madame Victor Changarnier. Well, count, after all this preliminary, I am now at your service—to fight, or to shake hands."

The count saw the folly, under the circumstances, of fighting a duel, and he wisely "sang truce."

This adventure made no little stir at court; it was deemed strange enough that a petty officer, who carried his luggage at the end of a stick, should have the preference over a man who was welcomed at the *Pavillon Marsau*!

The Lieutenant Victor has, since his marriage, been a frequent visitor at the Count de Vismes; he has, however, never, during the period that has elapsed, untied the red pocket-handkerchief at the end of his travelling stick!

New Books.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.—PROSE AND VERSE. BY HENRY REEVE AND JOHN EDWARD TAYLOR.

THIS little volume comprises pieces from Jean Paul, Novalis, Goethe, Uhland, Ruckert, and the Polish poet Mickiewicz. The first of the pieces, from Jean Paul, entitled "Reminiscences of the best Hours of Life, for the Hour of Death," was printed some years ago, and has since appeared in America: still, it was thought by the translator advisable to republish it, together "with a few additional translations, most of them from authors of a kindred spirit,—the lesser, but not the least, of the lights of modern German literature." To every one who wishes to know something of these writers, we cannot do better than strongly recommend this little work, both for its intrinsic merit and its cheapness and elegance. There is just enough, perhaps, in it, and of the right sort, from each of the authors mentioned, to give some idea of the peculiar qualities, the spirit, style, and manner, that respectively distinguish their productions. It has been said of Jean Paul Richter, that "he had the heart of a woman and the head of a philosopher." No one, certainly, that has devoted much of his time to the writings of this sentimental humourist, but must be sensible there is great truth in the description. His susceptibilities lie deep in the very essence of his nature. He reminds us very frequently of Sterne, and sometimes of the imitable Burton. From the peculiarities of his style and conceptions, he has never been so popular out of his native country as many of his brother-contemporaries; hence curiosity becomes the greater to ascertain, from the few published specimens of his genius in this country, what are the characteristic features of his idiosyncrasy. This volume contains four small pieces of his, of which the first is the longest, and much the best. The second, "*On Habitual Cheerfulness*," reminds us of some passages in Addison. Novalis, the lover of mystery

and symbol, comes next. His character, however, like that of Jean Paul, has been rendered more intelligible to us of late, by the writings of Mr. Carlyle and other Germanists. "In his eyes all is wonder, and the most wonderful of all is that daily life, which we are accustomed to consider vapid and monotonous. It suffices for him to touch upon an ordinary circumstance, and it assumes an infinite significance." Messrs. Reeve and Taylor have given us but one of his *Nüge*, in some respects a fair sample of his manner, but probably not one of his happiest pieces. *Göthe*, the well-known *Göthe*, we need not dwell upon, further than to say, the scene from his *Tasso*, consisting of a dialogue between the *Princess* and *Leonora*, the beloved of the poet, pleases us greatly, and is very ably and elegantly translated. There are some passages of extreme vigour and beauty, such as the Princess describing her partiality for the conversation of great men:—

"Whate'er the converse of the wise and great,
I follow eagerly, the path is smooth.
I love to hear the strife of wise men's tongues,
When eloquence plays gloriously around
The powers that stir within a manly breast,
With strength to force, with gentleness to win;
To listen, when the princely thirst for fame
And wide possession is the argument
To thinking men, and wisdom too unfolded
With fine discernment by a skilful man,
Perplexes not the mind, but teaches us."

There are four lyric pieces from Uhland, the pure, simple, and melodious Uhland; namely, *The Blind King*, *The Wreath*, *The Return of the Bard*, and *Dante's Love*. The two latter we prefer, as being not only intrinsically good, but perhaps the best representatives of the poet's genius and manner. The last, from the peculiarity of the original metre, was well calculated, moreover, to try the powers of the translator; and on comparing the version with the original, we are authorised in saying, that considering the comparative inflexibility of our language, the translation does great credit to its author. Were it not too long for our space, we should prefer extracting it beyond any other in the book, with the exception of the last piece, *The Faris*, by M. Mickiewicz. This gentleman is, we are told, the most eminent living Polish poet, and his effusion bears marks of the peculiar Slavonic genius of its author. It is Pindaric (not *Peter-like*) in its subject, spirit, and construction, and really reminds one of the Grecian bard. There are some feeble passages in the translation, (perhaps in the original,) but on the whole we think it the most stirring (l.) and vigorous piece in the volume. However, it ought to be observed that the translator adds an apology in the circumstance that it was "executed from a French version of the poem by a boy of sixteen;" and adds, "it has since been revised, and not disapproved, by M. Mickiewicz himself." In conclusion, we have been highly gratified with this little volume, and have only to repeat our recommendation of it to the reader.

THE RETURN OF THE BARD. (UHLAND.)

"The bard lies low upon his bier,
His lips are cold, his song is o'er;
Crown ye with Daphne's faded hair
The brow which now shall throb no more.
Lay by his side the scrolls which tell
The last sweet strains he lov'd to sing;
The lyre that erst he struck so well
Lies in his arms, yet shall not ring.
So let the bard his slumber sleep,
His strains shall still reverberate;
And future generations weep
For him who sunk to adverse fate.

Long moons and years shall pass like breath,
The cypress shade him with its gloom ;
And those who wept his earlier death
Shall sink themselves into the tomb.

Yet as the nimble spring returns
With force renew'd to cheer the earth,
So with fresh fire his spirit burns,
The bard renews each year his birth.

For to the living he belongs,
The grave on him no chill has cast ;
And those live only in his songs
Who idly deem'd his life was past."

G.

THE NUN, AND OTHER POEMS. BY MRS.

H. W. RICHTER.

THE author of this pleasing little volume of poetry puts forth no high pretensions. We have no doubt of its fulfilling the design of its publication, which is intended, she observes, as far as its influence can extend, to incite to all that is "pure, lovely, and of good report," and to further the cause of religion and morality. In the principal poem she has essayed to follow, though in all humility, those great examples, who, "lifting the veil from buried years, have drawn from the solemn pageant of history, scenes and characters, which ever live before the 'mind's eye,' in all the vividness of reality. The Percys, the Clifffords, and the Nevilles, with all the defunct nobles of those stormy times, live again in the immortal dramas of Shakspeare. And how have the historical romances of the Poet of Abbotsford thrown light and lasting interest over manners and events, past away into the dim distance of time!" The "Nun" is altogether ideal, if a character may be called so, which has doubtless had many a prototype in monastic times. The scene is laid at about the close of the fourteenth century. There is, perhaps, nothing very incongruous with the history of that period, in the symptoms of Protestantism evinced by the Nun, who is supposed to have imbibed her enlightened sentiments from a mother, educated in the pure faith of the valleys of Piedmont. It is true, that "in the populous solitudes of the religious houses," says Blunt on the Reformation, "there were doubtless many sincere and righteous servants of God; many who fled thither from the sorrows of life, with no other desire than to pass the rest of their sojourning in privacy and peace;"—but the grievous oppression and religious thralldom of the system stand still prominent, and unsoftened in their repulsiveness by these isolated instances. The mouldering relics of these fallen temples of pride and power, tell, in their hoary grandeur, of former supremacy; but how complete is their desolation! where the vesper-bell is heard no more, and the incense ceases to rise! The penances, vows, and pilgrimages of a dark and long-past era, rise on the mind amidst such scenes; while all the unspeakable blessings of the Reformation seem to start from the gloom, dispersing the mist and shadows of that spiritual night.

A Cistercian Nunnery was founded at Gokeshill, by William de Alta Rissa, before 1185. Barham Chapel, belonging to the Nunnery, is now a farm-house; and the last remains of the ancient mansion of the De Veres, called *Vere Court*, is now a barn! The ruins of Thornton Abbey, so noble and picturesque in their majestic decay, have in their vicinity the remains of a church, excavated from the oblivion of the green turf, within a few years past. The licence allowed to poetic fiction has been claimed, in placing the *Nun's* final rest within the walls of that church. The wandering pilgrims of those days were accustomed to be received at different religious houses, where they were supplied with food and temporary shelter.

Harry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, having had his fiery

and impetuous spirit provoked by the imperious Boing-broke, whose friend he had been, distinguished himself in defence of the White Rose of York, and was slain on Bramham Moor, in 1407. He married the sister of his friend Mortimer. Lady Percy's tomb, under a richly sculptured arch, and Earl Percy's cap, the rusty remnant of his panoply of proof, are shown at this day in the Minster of Beverley. It would not outrage probability to suppose that the latter was worn by the redoubtable Hotspur, and that the former contains the dust of his "gentle Kate."

We have not "wandered (in propria personâ) through these ivy-mantled relics of the days of old," as the author of this poem of the *Nun* begs that we would, while perusing her poem; we have perused it, nevertheless, and while so engaged, a wish has often sprung up within us, that with her romantic and deeply poetical imagination, she would attempt something more likely to endure—something better adapted to elicit and consolidate her real powers. But while thus anxious on her behalf, we have not been insensible, nay, the very entertainment of such a wish is a proof of our sensibility of the merits of this unpretending little poem, as well as of the sacred and miscellaneous pieces which follow. We must beg, however, to offer her one piece of advice, which, if attended to, may be of service in any future poetical attempt; though if it be declined, we venture to say, that no force of inherent talent in the construction of a tale, or of imagination in the handling of it, will suffice to protect her from the caustic ordeal of criticism—and that is, to be more careful in the choice of rhymes. We have detected, in this respect, several infringements of the recognised laws of good taste in this volume—such as rhyming *shrine* with *sublime* (p. 13); *meaning* with *seeming* (p. 23); *man* with *one* (p. 34)! *come* with *nun* (p. 7); *love* with *borne* (p. 38); *breathe* with *believe* (p. 40); and what is still worse, *form* with *discern* (p. 53); *dream* with *been* (p. 78); *roll'd* with *world* (p. 143), &c. &c. Mrs. Richter appears to us to have a peculiar talent for *sacred* poetry, and many of her minor effusions, in which the play of the affections is concerned, remind us very frequently of Mrs. Hemans. Her extreme modesty and tenderness are equally striking; and to conclude, no one can rise from the perusal of this little volume without experiencing additional zest for what is delightful in the reminiscences of the past, for much that is beautiful in nature, tender and refining in feeling, and accessory to the inculcation of true piety. We have space to extract one of the shorter pieces only, which has pleased us greatly—it is entitled—

AFFECTION.

Through time's bleak wilderness, while journeying on,
When far behind we leave life's sunny vale;
And tread the thorny paths by pilgrims worn,
When health, and hope, and spirit 'gin to fail,
And loud the winds of the chill autumn wail—
How seeks the soul, as waner life's frowning day,
To find some answering mind, soothing its cares away!
But change, and death, and separations wait
Upon that hope; and to the musing eye
That backward turns to trace the storms of fate,
What shattered wrecks around in ruin lie!
Affections fond, and early friendships' tie;
All scattered to the winds, that answering moan,
O'er shadows of the past, on memory's record borne!
When murky clouds night's canopy invest,
While darkly spread the shades of evening grey,
How loves the eye on one bright star to rest,
Upon pale Hesper's soft and tranquil ray!
A lamp in the blue concave far away,
Of all heaven's myriad stars the only one
Shedding its dewy light upon the wanderer lone.

And thus, like thee, thou glittering gem of eve,
When storms are gath'ring in Time's wintry sky,
Affection softens half the ills we grieve,
Scattering the woes that crowd our destiny;
Soothing with tenderness the tear and sigh;
A light from other worlds, a charm divine;
Oh, ever may this balm for sorrow's hour be mine!

Shall we not meet, when the bright shore is won,
The tempest over, and the waves at rest;
When life's vain care and anxious day is done,
And the green turf lies lightly on each breast,
Shall we not know again our dearest—best?
Oh, yes! I still will dream, when time is over,
Together we may roam, and brighter worlds discover! G.

Varieties.

Ready Answer.—"Pray, how do you kill time?" was the question of a Londoner to a hermit in the country. "I don't kill it," was the reply, "it kills me."

Quid pro quo.—Turner, the painter, is a ready wit. Once, at a dinner, where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the *painters and glaziers* of Great Britain. The toast was drank, and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the British *paper-stainers*.—*Campbell*.

The Arabs of Bonn take no note of time, and they have neither clocks nor registers; yet they are descendants of the people who taught us algebra.—*Ibid.*

French Drinking.—One of the Gallie warriors of Africa was one day brought to a court-martial for the crime of being drunk without leave!

The size of the Elephant appears to have been strangely over-rated. Major Denham stated, that he saw troops of elephants sixteen feet high! "We venture to say," observes the *Quarterly Review*, "there is not in all Africa an elephant eleven feet high, and very few either in Ceylon or Siam, or Pegg, or Cochin China, where they are found of the largest size, that ever exceed that height." But

"Geographers in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er uninhabitable downs
Place elephants, for want of towns."

Antiquities.—Campbell, the poet, quaintly says, "Come, let us be off to talk with the living; I am weary of the dead, and their resurrection-men, the antiquaries."

Bad's the Best.—Canning was once asked by an English clergyman how he had liked the sermon he had preached before him. "Why it was a short sermon," quoth Canning. "Oh, yes!" said the preacher, "you know I avoid being tedious." "Ah, but," replied Canning, "you were tedious."

Joy of Grief.—A Highland funeral used to be followed by a regular supper to the company, and a ball. Upon one occasion, the gentleman who was to lead down the dance, asked the mistress of the house, whose husband had that day been buried, if she would stand up to the dance, and she with a deep sigh consented. He then asked the disconsolate widow to name the spring, i.e. the tune she would wish to be played. "Oh," she said, "let it be a light spring, for I have a heavy heart."—*Campbell's Letters from the South*.

The Sea.—"I am a great lover," says the poet Campbell, "of submarine prospects. Often, in my boyhood, when the day has been bright, and the sea transparent, I have sat by the hour on a Highland rock, admiring the golden sands, the emerald weeds, and the silver shells at the bottom of the bay beneath, till, dreaming about the grottoes of the Nereids, I would not have exchanged my pleasure for that of a connoisseur poring over a landscape by Claude or Poussin. Enchanting nature! thy beauty is not only in heaven and earth, but in the waters under our feet. How magnificent a medium of vision is the pellucid sea! Is it not like poetry, that embellishes every object that we contemplate?"—*Letters from the South*.

Moors.—Our common idea of the Moors is, that they are savage and unsocial; but that is as vulgar an error as blackening the visage of Othello. They are generally courteous and intelligent; and in Algiers, the majority of them are better educated than Frenchmen, i.e. fewer of them are ignorant of reading and writing.

Arab Horses.—In the desert, a light mane and tail on a chestnut horse is considered unlucky; the colour, though common, is not much admired, and the feet of such animals are accounted soft and tender. Bay is the favourite colour next to light grey, which is much in request. Much importance is attached to the manner in which the legs are coloured, *stockinged* horses being in the extremes of good or bad luck, according to the disposition of the white. If both fore legs are marked, it is good; if one hind and one fore leg are marked on the same side, it is very unlucky; or if one alone is white, it is equally unfortunate; but if opposite legs, (off fore and near hind,) are light, nothing can be more admired. Ridiculous as these fancies may appear, they, nevertheless, influence the price of horses, sometimes even to a sixth of their value.—*Capt. Lyon*.

Tea.—The Chinese themselves, and the oriental nations generally, hardly consume any thing but black tea. The English consume in the proportion of but one part of green to four of black. The Americans, on the contrary, consume two parts of green to one of black. The English in Bengal, and in the Australian settlements, scarcely consume any thing but green. The English at Bombay and Madras hardly use any thing but black tea. The English merchants and other residents settled at Canton, follow the example of the Chinese, using black tea alone. In Holland, the proportion of black tea used is much greater than that of green; and in Russia, nearly the whole consumption is black.

Horse Flesh.—The natives of Upper California plunder the farms of the colonists of horses, which they eat in preference to beef, though horned cattle are more abundant. This fact contradicts the assertion of Professor Kidd, that no people eat horse-flesh through preference.

Campbell, the poet, says,—"Blackwood's Magazine treats me as if it were a playful cat. Upon the whole, exceedingly kind, it often purrs applause beyond my deserts, but anon it puts the claws out of the velvet sheath, and gives me a scratch that makes me suck my bleeding finger."

French in Algiers.—The Jews complain that since the arrival of the French, there has been "*Point de commershe*."

What a dirty shirt you have on!—Soon after Bolivar's entry into Bogota, subsequent to the defeat of the Spaniards at Bojaca, he gave a grand entertainment to many of the first families of the place, and just before dinner an English colonel arrived. Bolivar looking at him, said, "My good and brave colonel, what a dirty shirt you have on for this grand dinner; how happens it?" The colonel replied, he was "really very sorry, but to confess the truth, it was the only shirt he had;" on hearing which, Bolivar laughed, and sending for his majordomo, desired him to give the colonel one of his shirts. The man hesitated, and remained looking at the general; when he again said, rather impatiently, "Why don't you go, as I desire you?—the dinner will soon be on table." The majordomo stammered out, "Your excellency has but two shirts—one is on your back, the other in the wash!" This made Bolivar and the colonel laugh heartily; the former remarking jokingly, "The Spaniards retreated so quickly from us, my dear colonel, that I have been obliged to leave my heavy baggage in the rear."—*Col. Hamilton's Travels*.

March of Intellect.—A beggar, some time ago, applied for alms at the door of a partisan of the Anti-begging Society. After in vain detailing his manifold sorrows, the inexorable gentleman peremptorily dismissed him. "Go away," said he, "go—we canna gie ye naething." "You might, at least," replied the mendicant, with an air of great dignity and archness, "have refused me grammatically."

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